

Poor Robin's Dream,

Commonly call'd, Poor Charity.

I know no Reason but this harmless Riddle, May as well be printed as sung to the Fiddle.
To a compleat Tune, well known by Musicians and many Others, Or, a Game at Cards.



HOW new Good-fellow, what all amorst :
I pray thee tell me the News ?
Trading is dead, and I'm sorry for't,
Which makes me look worse than I use.
If a Man has no Employment whereby to get a penny
He hath no Enjoyment if that he wanteth Money,
and Charity is not us'd by any.

I have nothing to spend, I've nothing to Lend,
I've nothing to do, but tarry at Home,
sitting in my Chair drawing near to the Fire
I fell into a Sleep like an idle Drone,
And as I slept I fell into a Dream,
I saw a Play acted without e'er a Theam,
But I could not tell what the Play did mean.

But afterwards I did perceive
and something more did understand,

The Stage was the World wherein we Live
and the Actors were all Mankind,
And when the Play is ended, the Stage down they fling
then there will be no Difference in this thing,
Between a Beggar and a King.

The first that was acted I proteſt,
Was Time with a Glaſs and a Scythe in his Hand
With the Globe of the World upon his Breast,
to ſhew that the ſame he could command,
Therees a time for to work. and a time for to Play
a time for to borrow, and a time for to Pay,
and a time that doth call us all away.

Conſcience in order firſt takes his Place
and very Gallantly plays his part,
He fears not to fly in a Rulers Face
although it cuts him to the Heart,

He tells them that this is the Latter Age
Which put the Actors into ſuch a Rage,
that they kickt poor Conſcience of the Stage.

Plain Dealing preſently appears
In Habit like a ſimple Man,
The Actors at him mocks and jeers
Pointing their Fingers as they run,
How came this Fellow into our Company,
away with him many a Gallant did cry,
for Plain-Dealing will a Beggar Die.

Diffimulation mounted the Stage,
but he was Cloathed in Gallant Attire,
He was acquainted with Youth and Age,
Many his Company did Deſire,
Then they entertain'd him in their Breſt,
there he could have Harbour and quietly reſt,
for Diſſemblers and Turn-Coatr fare the beſt.

Then cometh in poor Charity,
Methinks ſhe lookt wondrous Old,
She quiver'd and ſhe quak'd moſt piteouſly
it griev'd me to think ſhe was grown ſo Old,
She had been in the City and in the Country,
amongſt the Lawyers and Nobility,
but there was no room for poor Charity.

Then comes in Youth not cloathed in Wooll
But like unto Youth in his white Lawn Sleeves,
and ſaid the Land it is full full full,
too full of Rebels worſe than Thieves, (Pride
the Cities full of Poverty, the French are full of
Phanaticks full of Envy which Order can't abide
and the Uſurers Bags are full beſide.

Hark bow Belona's Drums they do beat
Methinks they go ratling thro the Town,
Hark how they Thunder thro the Street,
as tho they would ſhake the Chimnies down,
then comes in Mars the Great God of War,
and bids us face about and be as we were,
But when I awak'd I ſat in my Chair.

F T N I S.